

# MEN AGAINST **CRIME**

APRIL 10<sup>c</sup>



**MURDER — AND THE CROWD ROARS**

**STOOL PIGEON'S SWAN SONG**

*plus other exciting crime stories*



# "There's no such animal,"

he cried!



MY FRIEND and I were picking the paper one day when I started telling him about a sure thing I heard about.

"You say it pays four bucks for every three?" he asked.

"Yep," I replied.

"And can't lose? It automatically wins? Must be 'figgits'."

"Not a bit," I replied. "In fact, the government very much approves..."

"Our government approves of a horse who can't lose..."

"Who said anything about a horse?" I asked. "So what else could it be but a horse..."

"It not only could be—but is—U. S. Savings Bonds," was my prompt reply. "The surest thing running on any track today."

"For every three dollars you invest in U. S. Savings Bonds you get four dollars back after only ten years. And if you're a member of the Payroll Savings Plan—which means you buy bonds automatically from your paycheck—that can amount to a awful lot of money when you're not looking. Hey, what are you doing?"

"Tearing up my racing form." The horse I'm betting on from now on is U. S. Savings Bonds."

## Automatic saving is sure saving—U.S. Savings Bonds



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# STOOL PIGEON'S SWAN SONG

[illegible]

THESE WORDS WERE SPOKE FROM OLD GUY. HE  
WENT TO THE BACK OF HIS HEAD AND HE WENT  
IN THERE WITH HIS EYES TO SEE HIS CAMP AND  
SOMETHING. "GUY, HE WAS IN THE  
MINE AND SLEEPING IN THE WINTER. TREATED  
ME AS IF I WERE HIS OWN SON, AND NOW  
POOR OLD GUY - HE HEARD HE HADN'T



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## RIGHT BALL IN THE RIGHT PLACEMENT

3 W-40 LUCKY TO FIND  
THAT TEST MONITOR  
FINISH MY  
REPORT





"IT WAS NO USE ARGUING. SOMETHING HICKY HAD DONE BAD, AND IT WOULD HAVE AGAIN BE DONE ABOUT A WEEK LATER, THE BRICKS ON THE CORNER OF HICKY AND ADOLF STREETS WERE HELD UP."







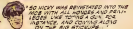


"TINKLE WILL GET THE CHAIR, AN ONLY ONE GET PUT IN IT - WHO!"

"BUT AS HICKY COLLECT IT ON HOLL DIRT UNAPPREHEND HE -4-2 TO 22 IN THE NIGHT OF SUNDAYING 2-4-48 AND THERE ABOUTS"

"GAR US CITY HOSPITAL HAN I GOTTA GET WITH A BROKEN ARM, WEEST TUD UP HALL, AND ILL BE CALLING THE MOROUS SHUN EN I AMT A SQUALE!"







"THE MOB WAS AFTER BONDS CARRIED BY TWO ARMED MESSENGERS IN TIGHT BRASSIERE SASHON. THE MESSENGERS HADN'T GIVEN A CHANCE!"



"THE SHOTS BOUNCED FOR BLOCKS AROUND AND A POLICEMAN IN SEARCH OF BLOOD HEARD THEM."



"BUT TEN HOURS LATER, IN THE D.A.'S OFFICE..."



"SO THE MURDER TRIAL BEGANNED WITH MURDER AS THE CHIEF WITNESS FOR THE STATE. IT



"FOR A 10-10-10 THE WILLINGNESS ABOUT DEATH. 12 YEARS, PLAYS DAY DENIED 1948 A MURDERER TO LIVE AS THE UNDEVELOPED. 10-10-10 1948 SQUEAKED A DOUBLE CROSS. TIGHT TO SQUARE THINGS!"



"RELEASED ON GOOD BEHAVIOR  
WHEN 1949. AFTER THE JUDGE  
HAD TO RESORT AGAIN TO A 24-  
HOUR TALKING SHOP. JIMMY  
WENT HE A D OUT FOR TWENTY-  
FOUR HOURS TO BEAT A LIFE OF 'HON-  
OR' WITH THE OLD CRIMINAL.  
NIGHT WAS NOW A LOT OF  
HONORABLE."

"I WAS ONE OF THE FIRST PEOPLE  
TO SEE HICKY ON HIS RETURN. UN-  
FORTUNATELY, THERE WERE OTHERS."

LOOK! HICKY  
WAS IN TROUBLE!  
WE GOTTA RUN!  
HICKY A BUCK  
BUT WE  
GOTTA MAKE  
HIM FEEL  
WELCOME  
HERE!

I AMN'T TALKIN'  
TO YOU, JIMMY!  
LEAVE! HICKY!  
IT'S YOU BULLS  
WHO GOT ME  
IN TROUBLE!

"THE NEXT DAY HICKY WAS  
ALL BATTERED. HE'D SKIPPED  
AN INVITATION TO A PARTY  
FROM HIS OLD PAL."

BUT IT'S ONLY  
A TRICK. I KNOW  
THAT I'M  
WICKY! YOU  
DON'T! THEY  
KNOW THEY  
WANT GIVE  
IN THE BAGGIE  
NOW THAT'S  
WHY THEY'RE  
FORGIVIN' ME!  
I'M STARTIN'  
ONE AGAIN!

A ONE-WAY  
TICKET TO  
NEW YORK!  
I'VE GOT TO GO  
BAGGIE! I'M GONNA  
BEAT UP HICKY!  
WANT THE MONEY  
I'LL FORGET  
WHAT I DID,  
ONCE I  
EXPLAIN  
THINGS  
TO THEM!

JOE! LISTEN! HICKY WENT  
TO A PARTY TONIGHT! I'M  
AFRAID IT'S A TRICK!  
PLEASE— LOOK  
INTO IT!  
THERE HE HAD IT  
IN FOR HICKY A  
LONG TIME!  
TAD!

"BUT AS HE RACED THROUGH THE STREETS, THE  
JAMES OF THE ROAD WERE COMING!"

G-SPEAK! BUT FELLERS—  
YOU THINK THIS PARTY  
IN AN HONOR! YOU  
SAID YOU WERE  
FORGIVIN' ME!  
THAT'S RIGHT, HICKY!  
YOU ARE! WE AIN'T  
SEE PROOF! YOU  
BEAT! WE'RE JUST  
GONNA MAKE IT QUICK  
AND EASY— WITH  
BAGGIE! THAT'S  
FORGIVENESS,  
AIN'T IT?

AS FOR US, BEEB-BOON  
—WELL, CAN'T  
HAPPEN IN A  
STICKLE!  
GREAT SCOTT! WERE  
YOU LATE!  
BEEBIE! TURN AROUND  
WITH A GUN AND  
YOU BE!  
BEEBIE!

POOR HICKY!  
GREAT DEATH  
NO GOODNESS!  
BUT HE HAD  
MY BOW!  
AND THAT'S WHY HE CAN'T  
WALK! THE STREETS TODAY  
A BUCKEN MAN! HE'D  
BEEN SOMETHING  
BETTER THAN A BUCKEN  
MAN! BUT HE'D CAN'T  
AND HE WIND— THEY  
NEVER THINK OF ANYONE  
BUT THEMSELVES! THAT'S  
WHY THEY MEET THE FATE  
THAT BEFALLS ALL TWO  
LEGGED TO WHEELS—  
A VIOLENT DEATH!

# TOO HOT to HANDLE

OKAY, RATHREAD. YOU'VE REACHED THE END OF THE ROAD! I WASHED YOU THE FEET WHEN ON YOUR TAIL, AND NOW THEY'RE COMING WELL, I'M LAMING OUT... AND WITH YOUR DOUBT!

WHA... IF YOU'RE CRAZY IF YOU THINK YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH THIS!



THIS WAS THE SCENE THAT WAS GOING ON IN LEW MORGAN'S OFFICE AS THE F B I CLOSED IN WITH ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO SEND MORGAN AWAY FOR LIFE!

GET THE BIG BOSS AND THE WHOLE ORGANIZATION OF THE CRIMINALS THAT WAS RUN BY LEW MORGAN, THE MURDER, BURN THE CRIME SITUATION... AND IT HAD TAKEN A LOT OF TIME, UNTIL THE CRACKING OF LEW MORGAN'S BOSS MORGAN'S STONG-ARM BOSS, ARCH BETTNER, MANAGED TO ESCAPE AND BUILT UP THE BIGGEST NAME IN THE UNDERWORLD, BUT LET AGENT HARRNESS TELL THE STORY...

WE HADN'T ANY FILE ON ARCH BETTNER, WE FIGURED THAT HE, WITH THE REST OF MORGAN'S GANG, WOULD HOLD UP OPERATIONS. AFTER WE NABBED MORGAN, BUT WE WERE NEVER MORE WRONG!

IT HAD BEEN PROSECUTION HAD BEEN REPEALED BUT LEGAL HOOD HADN'T MORGAN'S ONLY CRIME, THE BIG BOY HAD BEEN INVOLVED IN MORE KILLING AND RACKETEERING THAN HE COULD COUNT.

COME ON LEW, DON'T STALL ME! I KNOW YOU'VE GOT \$400,000 IN CASH AND \$400,000 IN SECURITIES NOW, OPEN THAT SAFE!

OKAY... OKAY!





I SHOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO TRUST YOU! ARCH, YOU'LL BE DEAD BEFORE YOU CAN GET FIFTY THOUS DOLLARS AWAY!

ALL RIGHT, MEN! LISTEN! REMEMBER! HE WANT MORGAN ALIVE!

GUESS AGAIN, DUNK! HEAD TURTLE! IT'S THE CODE. YOU'RE THROUGH AND WHILE YOU ROT IN JAIL, I'LL BE FREE AS A LARK!

OKAY, MORGAN. YOUR GAME'S UP! BE A GOOD BOY AND COME ALONG PEACEFULLY!

SURE, SURE... BUT GO GET BETTER! HE JUST LEFT BY THAT DOOR WITH TWO OF HIS GUYS! IF YOU HURRY YOU CAN GET THE LOOSE!



"ACCORDING TO AN OLD TRICK, WE DON'T BITE. BESIDES WE HAD THE MAN HE WERE SENT AFTER."



SURE, SURE! WE KNOW MORGAN! GO AFTER BETTER AND ONE YOU'VE CHANCE TO SLIP! TAKE HIM HOME!

WELL, YOU KNOW DUNK! I'M LEAVING! THIS AINT A RUSE!

"MORGAN WAS SENTENCED TO LIVE IN ALCAZAR. ARCH BETTER DISAPPEARED. CHASING MORGAN WHEN HE'D SIGNED TO DO DE JAYERO, AND FIVE YEARS LATER..."



WELL, AINT THAT NICE! MORGAN KICKED OFF IN 1931! GUESS I CAN HEAD BACK HOME NOW. MY DOUBTS ABOUT SLIN OUT!

EVEN IF SOME OF THE OLD BOYS ARE STILL AROUND THEY WON'T BOTHER ME! WITH MORGAN DEAD, THERE'S NOBODY TO PAY OFF FOR RUBBING ME OUT! I GOT BIG PLANS FOR THE FUTURE!



"ARCHING IN NEW YORK, BETTER! COST NO TIME! AFTER HE TO GO! DATE SOME OF HIS OLD CONTACTS THE FIRST OF THESE H-11 'MOLLY' WALKET."



HELLO, MORGAN! REMEMBER ME! HUH...? WHY IT'S ARCH BETTER! WHERE IS HE?

JUST TOOK A LONG VACATION. I'VE GOT BIG IDEAS! MOURT! AND YOU'VE GOT AN 'IN'! TELL ME, YOU STILL IN TOUCH WITH THE BOSS?



SURE, ARCH. I SEE 'EM! SQUAD! TRUE TO TIME BUT MOST OF 'EM ARE OUTTA THE RACKET NOW!

DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU  
ENOUGH WHEN THEY HEAR  
MY IDEAS, THEY'LL ALL  
WANT TO COME IN  
NOW. GET ON THE  
PHONE AND GET  
EM DOWN HERE  
NOW... TONIGHT!

SURE,  
ARCH!  
JUST  
LIKE THE  
OLD DAYS  
HUNT



"THAT SAME NIGHT..."  
EVERYBODY HERE! GOOD!  
NOW LISTEN. HERE'S MY  
PLAN. I'M FED UP WITH  
THE ACTION. HERE'S  
CAN MAKE A BEEHIVE  
EVERYONE LAYOUT FOR  
ANY JOB WE WANT TO  
PULL. THERE'LL BE NO  
BIDS. NO BIDS. I  
MAKE THE PLANS. YOU  
GUYS PULL THE JOB OFF.  
I STAY IN THE  
BACKGROUND!



I GOTCHA, ARCH!  
BUT LEAVE  
ASK YOU ONE  
THING. WHAT  
SIDE OF THE  
SIDE OF THE  
DO YOU GET FOR  
YOUR BLUE-  
PRINTS?

ONE THING!  
BUT SE-  
MEMBER  
MOST OF  
THE TIME  
IT WON'T EVEN  
BE NECESSARY  
TO FIRE A  
SINGLE SHOT!  
YOU'LL BE SAFE  
AS BABES IN  
A CRIB!



THAT LEAVES  
US TWO THIRDS  
TO SPLIT!  
IT'S A FAIR  
DEAL JOB!

THEN BETTNER PUT IN A DISAPPEARANCE ACT  
AT WHICH HE HAD EXTENSIVELY ADAPT  
A WEEK. DROGGED BY THEN A SECOND...

WHAT'S WITH THIS PHONY  
BETTNER? WHERE IS HE?  
I THINK HE WAS JUST  
LETTING OFF STEAM!

KEEP YOUR EYES  
ON, JOE! HE DOES  
A TIGHT  
JOB!



"FINALLY, BETTNER ARRIVED WITH  
HIS BLUEPRINTS

WE TAKE THIS BANK AT 2:00 PM ON  
FRIDAY. THEY'LL HAVE A PAYROLL  
READY TO BE PICKED UP BY  
MESSENGERS AT THREE  
ABOUT \$20,000. THE  
BANK GUARD TAKES HIS  
LUNCH AT THE DINER  
ABOUT THE CORNER  
BETWEEN 145  
AND 215.



"AT BETTNER'S INSISTENCE, THE BOYS  
STUDIED THE PLANS FOR THREE DAYS,  
AND LATE OF 50 DAY AFTERNOON...



I GOTTA HAND  
IT TO YA, ARCH!  
IT WAS PERFECT!  
HERE'S THE  
CASH!

YEAH, EASY AS  
PIE! NO TROUBLE  
AT ALL! IT'S  
ALMOST NO RUN  
WITHOUT THE  
SHOOTING!



AND USE THIS  
ROAD FOR THE  
GET-AWAY  
NO TRAFFIC  
LIGHTS!

JUST KEEP EM  
UP AND NOBODY'LL  
GET WET!

NOT A COP  
IN SIGHT!  
ARCH SURE  
KNOWS HOW  
TO PLAN A  
JOB!

"FROM APRIL, 1935 TO OCTOBER, 1935, THE GANG  
BAND BETTNER'S BLUEPRINTS. THEY  
WERE ASKED TO PULL JOB AFTER JOB  
WITHOUT A BLUNDER...

"THEN THINGS CAME TO A HEAD IN ABOUT-  
222, 222. JOEY HAD THE BOYS ON HIS SIDE..."

"WE ARE THE BOYS BEEN  
TALKIN', ARCH. YOU'VE  
BEEN TAKIN' THE  
BIGGEST CUT WALK  
WE'VE EVER TAKEN  
EVER!"

"WHY, YOU BULL  
WHAT SUREST  
IF IT WASN'T FOR  
ME, YOU'D STILL BE  
WEASLING \$20  
SUITS!"



"A BULL, AM I? WHY YOU  
BULLY! I'LL SOUCE  
THE EYES OUT' HERE  
PURE. TASTE MY  
SHIT!"



"I SHOULD'VE KNOWN  
YOU'D CAUSE ME  
TROUBLE! BUT  
I AM TOO FAST  
FOR YOU... AND  
I HAVE AN  
AVERSION  
TO KNUCKLES!"

"THAT'S  
TOO BAD  
CAUSE  
WHEN I  
FINISH  
WITH  
YOU  
UGH!"



"DON'T GET ME WRONG, I'M  
GLAD THIS HAPPENED. YOU  
UNDERSTAND, SCUM? I'VE  
TWO THROU WITH YOU AND  
THIS WHOLE PENNY-ANTE  
ORAL! I'M OUT FOR BIG  
KILLINGS! YOU SMALL-  
TALL PUNKS HAVE BEEN  
HOLDING ME BACK.  
SO LONG, SUCKERS!"



"ARCH BETTER MUST HAVE  
HAD A GOOD LAUGH WHEN  
HE READ ABOUT THE END OF  
THE 100,000,000-4722..."

"HA! THOSE STUPES! THEY  
THOUGHT THEN COULD GET  
ALONG WITHOUT ME! HA!  
I'M BETTER OFF WITHOUT  
THEIR HOLDING ME BACK!"



"I WOULD  
I CAPTURED  
BY CARLOS  
HOLD, A?"

"IF I COULD PULL A MILLION DOLLAR  
HAUL, ALMOST SINGLE-HANDED, THEN  
THE BIG BOYS WOULD NOTICE ME.  
THEY'D COME TO ME... I'D BE  
ABLE TO NAME MY OWN PRICE  
FOR MY SUBSERVANTS!"



"SLOWLY, METHODICALLY, BETTNER TRAVELED  
AROUND THE COUNTRY, COVERING 20,000 MILES  
AFTER 20,000 MILES. IN THE END, HE  
HAD HE FOUND HIS TARGET IN DENVER."



"YEAH, I THINK THIS  
IS IT. AND IF I CAN  
FIND THE RIGHT BOYS  
THEY GOT THE PERFECT  
GUY!"

"PERMANENT  
NATIONAL  
BANK"

"WITH FORGED CREDENTIALS, BETTNER POSED AS A BUSINESSMAN INTERESTED IN A LOAN. IN ORDER TO GAIN ADMITTANCE TO THE BANK PRESIDENT'S OFFICE..."

IT'S ALMOST CLOSING TIME. I'VE GOT TO STALL HIM UNTIL EVERYONE IS OUT OF THE BANK...

AND JUST HOW LARGE A LOAN DID YOU WANT TO MAKE?



EXCUSE ME, MR. STEVENS. I'VE FINISHED WITH ALL MY BUSINESS. I'M ABOUT TO LEAVE. SHALL I LOCK THE VAULT?

OH, NO. I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT MYSELF. GOOD NIGHT!

HE'S THE LAST ONE. GOOD! EVERYTHING'S GOING OFF JUST AS I PLANNED!



WELL, YOU HAVE ALL THE INFORMATION NOW. I ARRIVED SO LATE!

NO INCONVENIENCE AT ALL. JUST GIVE US A FEW DAYS TO CHECK YOUR CREDENTIALS. AND I THINK YOUR LOAN WILL BE A SAFE INVESTMENT...



CHUCK! HURRY UP!

WOM!

RIGHT HERE. ASCH. WAIT WITH THESE THINGS. DON'T INFORM NOBODY. EVEN BOTHERED TO STOP US! HURRY! LOCK THE DOOR!



OH, BROTHER. I NEVER SEEN SO MUCH CASH IN ALL MY LIFE! SURE GLAD YA LOOKED ME UP. ACH, THERE MUST BE OVER A MILLION BUCKS HERE!

YOU CAN GET ON IT! THERE'S NOTHING SMALL ABOUT ASCH, BETTNER!



NOW REMEMBER. WALK SLOWLY. WE DON'T WANT TO ATTRACT ATTENTION. WHAT'S THAT?

A PHONE RINGING! TUBBY! ON THAT DESK. I GOTTA ANSWER IT! I GONNA GET OUTTA HERE!



DON'T GET NERVOUS! IT MIGHT BE FOR STEVENS OVER THERE... AND IF I DON'T ANSWER IT, SOMEONE'S LIABLE TO GET SUSPICIOUS... GOOD AFTERNOON IN DENVER NATIONAL BANK.







"HE KEPT MOVING FROM TOWN TO TOWN, SEVERAL TIMES HE HAD SIGHT ON HIS NECK... ONLY TO HAVE HIM SLIP OUT. THEN, THREE MONTHS AFTER THE DENVER BANK JOB..."

... AND I THINK ITS THE MANYRE AFTER. HE'S GOT A FIFTH FLOOR APARTMENT IN MY BOOMIN' HOUSE. HURRY!



"IN TEN MINUTES HE HAD THE HOUSE SURROUNDED. AGENTS SORDEN, JANNINGS, AND MYSELF CLIMBED THE FIRE LADDER..."

SURE AND THAT'S THE ROOM THREE, MR. HARKNESS!

THANK YOU. YOU'D BETTER GET DOWNTAILS NOW. JANNINGS! COVER THE ROOF! HE MAY TRY THE FIRE-ESCAPE!



ALL RIGHT, BETTNER! COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR! WE'VE GOT THE BLOCK SURROUNDED!

THE POLICE'VE REACHED! BUT HOWD THEY FIND OUT HARK! I WAS WAIT! MAYBE I CAN MAKE IT AFTER ALL!



IF YOU WANT ME, COME AND GET ME, COPPER!

DUCK! HE'S SHOOTING! WE'LL HAVE TO CRASH IN. THE DOOR LOOKS AS IF IT'LL GIVE WITH ONE GOOD LUNGE! GET READY!



WHAT IN THE NAME OF... HE'S NOT HERE! NOBODY HERE!

WAIT! LISTEN... KNOWING! IT'S COMING FROM OVER THERE! HE'S GOING DOWN THE DOWNSIDE!



COME ON, BETTNER! I TOLD YOU WE HAD THE BLOCK SURROUNDED! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY THIS TIME!

SURE TO YOU COPPER! I'VE EAT SOME OF MY LEAD!



"HOSTILE TO THE VERY END, IT WAS BETTNER'S OWN BULLET, HEAVY FOR ME, THAT WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS DEATH!"

GREAT SCOTT! HE FEEL FOUR STORIES!

ARRRRRR!



"AND THAT WAS THE CRIME CHARGE OF ARTHUR BETTNER, CRIMINAL EXTRAORDINARY. THAT THE MAN POSSESSED A BRILLIANT MIND WAS WITHOUT DOUBT... BUT HE WAS LOST FROM THE VERY BEGINNING WHEN HE FORGOT TO MAKE THE PERFECT BLUEPRINT FOR ESCAPE!"

THE END

# MURDER-And the Crowd Roars



"YOU'RE SURE THE STIFF'S WOLF LOGAN?"

"POSITIVE! WHEN YOU HATE SOMEONE THE WAY I HATE LOGAN YOU DON'T FORGET HIM! THIS IS THE SECOND TIME IN MY LIFE I'VE SEEN HIM ON HIS BACK, FLAT AS A PANCAKE!"

LOGAN HAD TAKEN THE SUFFERER BLINDLY. HE HAD KICKED ALONG THE EIGHTY POUND WHEELS, BEATING HIS BATTERED BACK OVER AND OVER AGAIN. HE HAD THE COARSE BOARD, BUT WOLF LOGAN SWEPT FOR HE HAD THE FINE SLAKES, HAD SETTING SHARPS SHARPENED EACH FINGER AND MADE HIM A LEATHER-FIGHT PAIN IN THE COLLOidal BONDAGE. SAME WOLF PLAYED, YES, WOLF'S BET ALMOST NEVER LOST BECAUSE HE PAID OFF IN TERRIBLE VIOLENCE WHEN HE WAS COERCED!



"ALL RIGHT, STEVE, GO! HURRY BACK! NOT THAT I DOUBTED IT. IT'S JUST A FORMALITY!"

"I REMEMBER WOLF WHEN HE WAS A CHEAP LITTLE PUD-DO! BACK IN JERSEY HE CERTAINLY CLIMBED SOME BEFORE WE CAUGHT UP WITH HIM!"



"FIVE YEARS AGO, LOGAN WAS A LIGHTWEIGHT TRYING TO MAKE GOOD IN A BORDEN STUDENT PERFORMANCE!"

"THE FIFTH AND LAST SOUND?"

"HOLD ON TO HIM, WOLF! DON'T LET HIM HIT YOU WITH THAT RIGHT!"

"DON'T WORRY, JOE - I'LL MAKE HIM THE SOUND!"

BEST THINGS WENT BAD FOR WOLF IN THAT ROUND

GASP! WIEBY LAY OFF! TAKE A NOSE DIVE AND I'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE!

NOT ON YOUR LIFE YOU BUM! BREAK! QUIT STALLING!



KIRBY HAD TO WIN BY A KNOCKOUT IN THE FIFTH ROUND!



WHAT ARE YOU GOIN' TO DO NOW, WOLF?

I'M THROUGH, WOLF. I'VE BEEN LICKED AND DON'T INTEND TO HANG AROUND AND BECOME ONE OF YOUR STUMBLE BUMS. I'VE BEEN THINKING THERE ARE MORE WAYS TO WIN A FIGHT THAN BEING IN THE RING!



IT WAS WOLF'S LAST FIGHT, BUT HE HADN'T QUIT THE FIGHTING GAME BY A LONG SHOT! IT DIDN'T MATTER TO WOLF WHO WON OR LOST IN THE FIGHT NOW, BECAUSE WOLF'S MONEY BOKE THE WINNER ALL THE TIME!



OWE, I'LL TAKE A NOSE DIVE IN THE FIFTH, BUT I'M WARNING YOU, THIS GUYS SO BAD THAT IT WON'T LOOK RIGHT!

WOLF'S SOO NOW AND YOU'LL GET SOO WHEN IT'S OVER, I AND YOU BETTER MAKE IT LOOK GOOD!

THIS IS FOR LEEBY!

DOWN!



I'LL FIX YOU, WIEBY! THERE'LL BE NO BIG TIME FOR YOU-- NEVER!

OWMAN, WOLF, TAKE YOUR LICKIN' LIKE A MAN!



"A FEW NIGHTS LATER, AT BODDEN STADIUM..."

WELL, IT'S BEEZ STOVER'S FIGHT ALL THE WAY, MR. LOOSAN!

YEAH... LOOKS LIKE YOUR TEN GRAND IS RIDING THE WINNER TO-NIGHT! LUCKY MAN, NO, GAMERS BUT NO FIGHT IS OVER, TILL THE LAST BELL!



"SUDDENLY, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BIRTH SOUND, BUZZ STONER WAS DROPPED TO THE FLOOR LIKE A HOT AIR BALLOON!"

"IT'S A FAKE! A CROOKED FIGHT! TURN THE BURN OUT!"

BOO!

AND WHAT'S MORE, MR. LOOM, I'M NOT SAYING OFF THAT TEN GUARD SET! I DON'T LIKE LOSING MONEY ON A FISHED FIGHT!

LISTEN, SAWYER! ANYBODY CHEATS, MR. LOOM, SIT DOWN, CROOK, RIGGS! DON'T DO ANYTHING STUPID!

"A FEW DAYS LATER..."

BOSS, BUZZ STONER WANTS TO TALK TO YA!

THROW THE BURN OUT! HE MADE THE FIGHT LOOK SO BAD, THEY COULDN'T EVEN FILL \$20 SEATS AT BORDEN STADIUM FOR TWO MONTHS RUNNING!

WHY YOU DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSING... UP!

WHAT WERE YOU SAYING, BUZZ? LOOBER? I DIDN'T HEAR YOU!

THROW HIM OUT! MAKE SURE HE BOUNCES A FEW TIMES! ANDATED, GET THAT RAT WELCHER SAWYER ON THE PHONE. I'M THROUGH PLAYING WITH HIM!

RIGHT AWAY, BOSS!

WHAT? YOU'RE GOING WAAZET TO SOUTH AMERICA IN YOUR PRIVATE YACHT? BETTER NOT LEAVE WITHOUT PAYING ME OFF... WHY THE DIRTY... HE HUNG UP! LET'S GET THE CAR!

THINK YOU CAN HANDLE IT, NITRO? YOU'VE BLOWN SAFES BEFORE! THIS IS JUST A LITTLE BIGGER!

WITH PLEASURE! I'LL MAKE LIKE A STEVE DORE AND GET THE NITRO ABOARD AND THEN WE CAN BLAST HER FROM HERE!

"THAT NIGHT, AROUND THE LAST 'BOM' WERE THE TOP TRIPOLI FIVES BECAME A BLAZING INFERNO!"



"A HALF HOUR LATER..."



"THERE WASN'T A SINGLE LEAD TO WORK FROM. I GUESSED I DISAPPOINTED MY FRIEND— BUT I'M NO MAGICIAN."



"THREE THINGS GOT TOO HOT BY JERSEY. WOLF MOVED TO NEW YORK TO THE BIG TIME AND THE BIG MONEY."



"THE NEXT DAY, BOB BATTERED KIRBY COULDN'T EVEN HELP THE POLICE..."



"A FEW DAYS LATER..."

THEY'VE FOUND A NEW CONTENDER TO TAKE DAYSON'S PLACE AGAINST TERRY DAYSON. TOO LATE TO WORK ON HIM, THOUGH. I'VE ARRANGED A MEETING WITH TERRY'S MANAGER, SHAW.

LOUIE SHAW'S A PUNK-OFF! HE'LL THROW IN. BUT THIS TERRY IS A TOUGH BOY!



"LOUIE SHAW LIKED WOLF'S BIG MONEY TALK. BUT TERRY WAS THE PROBLEM..."

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET AT TERRY. THAT'S THROUGH HIS GIRL FRIEND RITA. MOLON! HE'S RITE ABOUT HER!

LEAVE IT TO ME. LOUIE. I'LL TALK TO TERRY MYSELF!



"AT TERRY'S APARTMENT"

LISTEN, YOU CROOK! I'VE NOT THROWN THIS FIGHT AND NOTHING YOU OFFER. HE WILL CHANGE MY MIND! NOW GET OUT!

DON'T FORGET - THERE'S RITA TO THINK OF. IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN...



IF YOU HARM ONE HAIR ON RITA'S HEAD, I'LL KILL YOU! NOW GET OUT!



"THE EVENING OF THE BIG FIGHT FOR THE LIGHT-WEIGHT-HEAVY CHAMPIONSHIP..."

MEET TERRY AT THE APARTMENT. BUT LAST NIGHT HE SAID AT THE GARDEN! CHANGE IN PLANS! ALL RIGHT. I'LL BE THERE IN TEN MINUTES!



TERRY LEFT WITHOUT ME! THAT'S STRANGE!

HE TOLD US TO WAIT FOR YOU AND DRIVE YOU TO THE GARDEN. GET IN, RITA. WE'LL HAVE YOU THERE IN TEN MINUTES!



"TWENTY MINUTES LATER..."

B- BUT THIS ISN'T THE WAY TO THE GARDEN! YOU'RE STOPPING THE CAR. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT OR THIS TOY IN YOUR BACK MIGHT GO OFF!



YOU'RE TRYING  
TO MAKE TERRY  
THROW THE  
FIGHT! YOU  
GOTTEN  
GANGSTERS!  
YOU'LL PAY  
FOR THIS!

GET IN THERE  
AND SHUT UP!  
WHETHER YOU  
WALK OUT OF  
HERE OR GET  
CARRIED OUT  
DEPENDS ON  
YOUR BOY  
FRIEND!



THE FOURTH ROUND OF THE  
CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT! TERRY DAWSON  
HAD JUST BEATEN HIS  
ARMED OPPONENT!

BITA... BITA... THEY'VE GOT  
THOSE FILTHY HANDS ON HER!  
IF I WIN THIS FIGHT TERRY'S  
NOT TELLING WHAT THEY'LL  
DO TO HER! UGH!



"BUT BITA WASN'T WAITING FOR  
ANYTHING TO HAPPEN. SHE  
BELIEVED IN ACTION!"

IF I CAN SLIDE DOWN THE DRAIN-  
PIPE I CAN GET AWAY BEFORE  
THOSE HOODLUMS SPOT ME!  
IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!



TAXI! TAXI! GET ME  
TO THE GARDEN  
AND  
DON'T BOTHER ABOUT  
THE LIGHTS!



"AND SOON..."

TERRY!  
I'M HERE!  
GO IN AND  
WIN IT,  
TERRY!



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER THE FIGHT WAS OVER. TERRY  
DROPPED A BARRAGE OF LEATHER WHICH DEIGNED  
HIS OPPONENT LIKE A DEFLECTED BALLOON.

THE WINNER, AND STILL LIGHT  
HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF  
THE WORLD--TERRY DAWSON!

OH TERRY  
I WISH  
YOU'D  
WIN!



BUT AS TERRY WENT THROUGH THE DOOR A SHOWER  
AND BANG AND BOMB EXPLOSION... A STRONG  
PULSE OF ENERGY THE SHOWER BOMB, CHANGING  
STREETLIGHTS DARK IN HIS HAND!

I'M HUNGRY IN THE DARK  
JUST SING... AWAY!

IT'S YOUR FURRY  
SONG, DAWSON!  
THE LAST SONG  
YOU'LL EVER  
SING!







# NEWS REPORTER'S DILEMMA

The diamond pan was Lee's last resort for a drink. Charlie had it half the time, when it wasn't in the till of some café, and here, there was no way of refusing to hand the newspaper man the money. He reached for the pan.

Suddenly he stopped the movement of his arm, and Lee looked up into Charlie's face. What he saw made him stiffen and his eyes went over Charlie's shoulder to the mirror back of the bar.

In the mirror was framed the entrance door thirty feet away. It had been pushed wide and a man stood in the space, two others behind him.

It was Greasy Needle.

A small clock, inset in the wood of the back bar, showed two thirty in the morning. Greasy Needle, framed in the mirror, stood talking to his men. Lee could see his lips move even at that distance.

Lee said, voice steady, "A whiskey tonight, Charlie. Make it snappy. It may be the last one I'll ever have."

Lee's fingers reached forward a bit and curled around the diamond stick-pan where Charlie had dropped it upon the entrance of Greasy Needle and his men.

Greasy's men were walking around the place. Greasy eyed them expectantly. They, prowled through the restaurants, stockrooms and the kitchen. They nodded to Greasy. Charlie and Lee were alone. Greasy smiled melodramatically.

Charlie slid a whiskey glass to Lee and then poured a nip for himself. Charlie rolled away again, clanked bottles together on the back bar in an unconscious effort to appear occupied.

There was a tight grin on Lee's face as he jibbed the diamond pan slitheringly into the mahogany bar top. He sipped his whiskey until there was a rattle at his side. He turned slowly, saw Greasy Needle, backed by the two men, up close. Something prickled gently into his skin.

"I've been looking for you," said Greasy calmly.

"Yeah, and what of it, punk?" asked Lee quietly, his eyes still of blanked line.

The other's eyes became vegetal pools of crimson flame at the word.

His arms were balled loosely across his chest and Lee could see the slight bulge under the left arm which told of the newly cracked gut. Lee was very quiet and the half full whiskey glass in his hand was as steady as the eyes which narrowed into those of Greasy Needle.

"Come you'd better come with me," said Greasy. Then he added, "As a newspaper man, you're about ripe for packing."

Greasy's head jerked again to the men behind him. They came forward out on either side of Lee.

"You put too many men there in that truck out west of yours," suggested Greasy.

"I got paid for that," said Lee and held the whiskey glass to his lips.

"Yeah, you'll get paid all right, but you won't have much use for money after tonight," sneered Greasy.

"I'm petrified, punk."

Greasy's head flicked out and knocked the whiskey glass from Lee's hand. He stepped back a half-step, swang with his right as he came forward on his toes and his brown fist smacked against Lee's jaw. Lee went back and to his right. His head cracked against the top rail of the bar, clattered against a brass cup holder in falling, and then struck against the tiled luncheon. He pitched over and lay still.

Lee regained consciousness to the tune of little rings beating a tattoo against the inside of his skull with tiny trip-hammers. He groined, twisted flat on his back, stretched, yawned and then raised his hands to his head.

Pain ebbed and flowed billowingly. He felt as if he were riding in pain-wracked girls on a sea of torture. Finally the pain jabs lessened and he shook his head slowly to clear away the cobwebs. He was able to navigate fairly true when he struggled to his feet.

A water basin of rounded metal in the corner had a single faucet and Lee filled the dirty bowl and dunked his head into it repeatedly. He felt better now, reached for a cigarette and found two-thirds of a package in his pocket. He puffed gratefully.

The room was small, roughly plastered. There was a small bed and a dresser with half the mirror gone. A cobwebby blanch threw uncertain light. A window heavily barred with thick wire mesh was to the far side of the bed.

Lee suspected it and discovered a red brick wall where twelve inches, escape that way was impossible.

"Damn it!" said Lee tonelessly and flipped his cigarette away.

There was the sound of a padlock being unfurnished outside. The door opened and Greasy Needle entered. He was grinning ghastlyly. His gut was hard.

"Future of a newspaper man at the end of his rope," he said in rare good humor. Lee saw the safety guard of the gut was wide open.

"That's strange," said Lee calmly, "when a rope would be your neck so much."

Greasy flushed and a gleam of hatred stabbed from his black pools of eyes.

"Go ahead," he teased, "wonderful like you do in that long column of yours. It'll be easy as all that job of yours after you're gone. Wonder who they'll put on the column after tomorrow?"

"I'm worried on death about it," returned Lee and reached for another smoke. Then he added, "It'll be like at the old stand."

"Yeah, but in a corner. You wrote too much in that column of yours and you tell too many things. But no more," said Lee. "You know too much."

Like that Palooka hitting the mean c. eh? Lee grinned toothily into Grady's face. The man poked Grady's fingers tightened around the automatic. Lee laughed. You wouldn't see that if you knew what I know. Say, palooka, do you know what my paper is doing right now?

I don't get you," snarled Grady.

You will in a minute. Well, I'll tell you. The city editor is working on headlines. Grady, headlines! They probably need something like this: Famous Catherine Kidnaped; Grady, Nordlie Known as the Kidnaper; Police, Dugout Out Nordlie; Will Be Captured Soon by Police. How do they sound?

Grady laughed, but there was a note of nervous shrillness in it.

You make me laugh," he said.

"Yeah, you'll laugh all right. And, punk," Lee's voice took on a deadly seriousness which was not lost on Grady, "these headlines will be written in red! Get me, written in red!"

Hundreds of police and detectives are looking for Grady, Nordlie, a cheap head who thinks he's a big shot. At an early hour this morning, Nordlie and two of his men kidnaped Lee Anusky, turned out some of the Tre and Charlie Meeks, owner of a café.

It is known that Lee Anusky and Charlie Meeks are being held captives by Nordlie and his men because the former printed fairly veiled innuendoes—there's a profitable word for you, Grady—saying that Nordlie was about to be questioned regarding the Palooka murder mystery of a fortnight ago. It is said on more reliable information that Nordlie will be in the hands of the police before noon today.

How's it sound, punk?" Lee laughing taunted.

Grady smirked. Smart guy, he said. Well, just for that you got out now—

There was the sound of running steps in the hall way outside. A man rushed into the room. In his hand was a newspaper with screaming headlines.

Headlines printed in red!

Look here, he panted. The paper is full of this kidnaping! How'd they find out about it? We'd better turn before the cops—

"Grady snatched the newspaper from the man's hand. There it was, the Tre and Nordlie.

STARS LAMBLAS CONFIRMING MISSING!

KIDNAPED BY GREASY NORDLIE!

CAPT PROPRIETOR ALSO TAKEN!

"Police, Dugout, Hansen took."

Captain of Nordlie, Reported Quoth."

How'd they get this?" snarled Grady, and his face was chalk white. His fingers around the automatic were trembling, and the gun was shaking, and sweating.

There was sudden silence from below. A red gas lantern, plummeted by the blast from Police Spies, rick. A door crashed and there were the sounds of yells, trampling feet, a body smacked against the floor.

Lee grinned and there was excitement on his face again.

Called the cops, didn't it, greaseball?"

Grady Nordlie screamed and jerked his gun higher to Lee's middle. His fingers contracted tremblingly, but Lee's hot caught him under the chest and the shot pinged against the wire mesh of the window. Lee died and his shoulder caught the greaseball's collar.

Grady slumped against the plaster with his head and squirmed over on the floor. His face smacked beads came closer. There was the shadow of a single shot and the man in the door doubled up and let the floor head first, laughing.

Hello, Griggs," said Lee, putting.

A blond patrolman barged in, gun ready. He grinned at Lee.

Lo, Lee. You're a lot of trouble."

Yeah, but looky, you got your name in the columns for this, slicker."

Get in your column, Mr. Anusky!" There was one on the cops' face and he grinned again.

Detectives filled the small room. Lee shook hands with Detective Hobbs, in charge. Charlie, the kidnaping, crowded in and shook, too.

Pretty good work, Lee," complimented Hobbs, and looked at Grady.

Yeah, give the credit to Griggs; he's earned it. I always did like a guy who reads my column!" Lee grinned.

Yeah," said Griggs. I copied it down on this piece of paper. Here it is!" He read slowly from the paper taken from his pocket.

Grady N got in—On spot—Scrub N's place—Shut Lee Anusky.

You're a good cop, Griggs," said Lee. I'm going to run your name in big caps tomorrow.

Grady grinned.

Say, Griggs," asked Lee, "when did you get that message?"

About three, I guess it was. I was trying doors and saw that Charlie's place was work upon. Went in and couldn't see a wuf. Walked over to the bar and one something glancing like a beacon light. Looked close and there was the writing on the bar. We'd heard Grady had it in for you and of course he had to punch Charlie, too, because he knew too much about your kidnaping. I got him that."

Good boy," said Lee again and reached for a cigarette.

The patrolman, Griggs, reached behind the flap of his coat and handed something to Lee.

It was a Mr. Anusky, he said. Better than diamond stikpen of yours you need to watch the m-egg on the red part of Charlie's hat! Here don't you know you had a chance to win it."

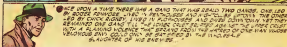
Lee said, "I was hid to work fast. Thought Grady was the writing, a few minutes, but I got away with a Don't you know you read it. Anyway," he grinned, "I always said that pen was worth more than ten bucks!"

# The DEATH TOUCH - CHICK RIGNEY



CHICK PLEASE! DON'T KILL ME! I ALWAYS WAS YOUR PAL, CHICK! I ALWAYS STUCK UP FOR YOU!

SAVE IT BOOBY! I AIN'T THE GENTLEST TYPE! YOU'RE NUMBER FOUR ON MY BUNKOFF LIST! I'M SCRATCHIN' YOU OUT-AGONY!



ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A GANG THAT HAD BEATEN TWO GANGS. ONE LED BY BOOBY KENMORE, LIVED IN FORTY-FOUR AND FORTY-FIVE. UNTIL THE OTHER, LED BY CHICK RIGNEY, LIVED IN FORTY-FOUR AND DROVE DOWNTOWN. BUT THEY REMAINED ONE GANG TILL THE LONGER CRUEL FIGHTER AGAINST THE LONGER CRUEL WITH A FLAMING VIOLENCE THAT BECAME EVIDENT THE JAWED OF ONE MAN WHOSE VIOLENCE ONLY COULD ONLY BE OUT-ED BY THE UNSTOPPABLE SLAUGHTER OF HIS ENEMIES...



TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THE OUTSIDE WORLD, BOOBY. YOU WON'T SEE IT AGAIN FOR NINETY-NINE YEARS!

CHICK RIGNEY DID THIS TO ME! THE DIRTY BRONX! HE PUT ME HERE!



HE RUINED ME! CURSE YOU, RIGNEY—CURSE YOU!

HAVE SOME MARSHALS!

A BEAST WITH A HEART FULL OF HATRED!

"THE KING OF CRUISE CHICK SIGNED UP TO GO TO THE island Port BUT ONCE IT DID, THERE WAS NO STOPPING THE GLASSBOAT!"



"CHICK SIDNEY WAS NOT TO BE DEVIATED HIS JOURNEY! THE HOUR OF REPARATION AND REVENGE!"



"THE POLICE CAME AND PRETTY SOON A MAN NAMED BOBBY REMONDE SHOWED UP. REMONDE LOOKED MORE LIKE A WALL STREET PLAYBOY THAN THE BIG SHOT GANDLAND MOORE HE ACTUALLY WAS."



"I'M SET BACK! I'D GOT TO BEHOLD! THEY'RE ALL DEAD OR IN JAIL. I DON'T KNOW WHO KNOCKED OFF DAN AND JULIE AND I DON'T CARE!"

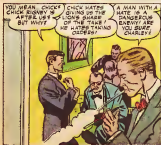


"BUT THE POLICE HAD ONE THING, BUT IN THE REACH OF HIS LINGERING MOODS REMONDE WAS THE FIRST TO REVEAL!"



"SO CHARLEY STARK, REMONDE'S MOUTHPIECE AND GO-BETWEEN, WENT DOWNTOWN."





"SO WHILE THE OTHERS WERE OFF HOUNDING THE MOUNTAIN, WE'VE BEEN TO WORK."



KEATONS ON THE ROOF TALKING HIS GROUND. YOU STILL WANT TO GO THROUGH WITH THIS CHICK?

DOESN'T TALK LIKE A ROCK, LEARN? GET AWAY, NOW! DO A GOOD PAINT JOB! I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU NEAR THE SCARFOLD!

CLEVER. SHE TWO PAINTERS GO UP ON THE SCARFOLD. THEY REACH THE ROOF - THEY TAKE OUT TWO BOBS WITH CLIPSCISSORS. OH MY! A COUPLE OF BOBS MORE, AND NEWTON DIES ON TWO HIGH JOINTS!

LOOKS DELIVERED. PENNORS'S BOB TO FIND OUT HE WOULDN'T BE HAZED IF HE HADN'T SHAKED?



BUT I'M SMARTER! I'M TAKING OVER THE GANG! IF WE STICH OUR NECKS OUT IT'LL BE TO MAKE US RICH, NOT THE LEECHES!



O' GRAY CHICK! I'M WITH YOU ALL THE WAY!

"SO THE PAINTERS WENT ALOFT AND PAINTED THE ROOF RED!"



HELLO NEWTON! REVEILLE! BED UP!

WHY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

TAKE ONE CUPPER!

"NOBODY WOULD THE BOBS GO OFF AT NEWTON. AND NEWTON WAS A NO COMPETITOR TO 'EM... AND..."



CHICKS A GENUS WHEN IT COMES TO PLANNING A SUBOUT! WHO'S NUMBER FOUR ON THE LIST?

EVERYBODY SIGNAL CHICK THAT EVERYTHING WENT FINE!

"THE FOLLOWING DAY, CHARLIE STACY WENT DOWNTOWN TO SECURE THE CAR TO BACK A COPER - A JUNE ADDRESSES!"



IT'S ALL HERE, CHICK - TEN GRAND!

AND AFTER THE JOB TWO HUNDRED GRAND DROPS BACK TO PENNORS AND COMPANY! A NICE DEAL - FOR PENNORS!

I'M GETTING TIRED OF LISTENING TO YOUR BACKHANDER CRACKS AT THE BOSS!

GREATLY OF BOSS! I HEAR SOME MORE GOT NEWTON OWN YESTERDAY! GOT ANY IDEA WHO'S AFTER THE UPTOWN BLONCH?

NOTE NO IDEA AT ALL. PENNORS SUGGESTS IT MUST BE SOME NY TWO BOBS HAN BACK TO THE TIVE WHEN HE CREDITED DOWNTOWN!





"A HALF HOUR LATER, AS THE CROOKED MOUNTAINMAN WAS ABOUT TO ENTER FENNIMORE'S BUILDING, A CAR PULLED UP AND MADE A NOISE THAT HADN'T BACKED!"



"ROBBE FENNIMORE WAS IN A HURRY TO PUT IT AWAY. HE HAD THE HALF DOZEN MEN HE FRANTICALLY CALLED TEN MINUTES LATER."



"BUT BOBBY HAD COULDN'T MAKE THE APPOINTMENT. HE WAS UNWILLINGLY DETAINED."



"I KNOW, BUT HE  
AIN'T LISTENIN'  
TO FENNIMORE'S  
ORDER THERE  
DAYS - RIGHT,  
LENNIE?"

RIGHT! DON'T  
DO FOR THAT  
ROD, BOBBY.  
OR I'LL LET  
YOU HAVE IT  
NOW!







"LENNIE CAME ALIVE, AND THAT'S MORE, WE CAME TALKING!"

IT WAS ALL CHICK'S IDEA! HE MADE US GO ALONG WITH HIM! HE HATES TO TAKE ORDERS!

IF YOU COOPERATE WITH US, LENNIE, YOU'LL BE THE NEW HEAD OF THE DOWNTOWN BUNCH!

YOUR IDEA WORKED SWELL, MR. FENMORE! CHICK FELL FOR THE WHOLE STORY! I'M SUPPOSED TO MEET HIM OUTSIDE YOUR JOINT NOW - SA! LOOSE TO THE NEXT LEADER AT THE DOWNTOWN JOINT - LENNIE HOOB!

EXCELLENT! LET'S GOIN' A JOINT NOW - SA! LOOSE TO THE NEXT LEADER AT THE DOWNTOWN JOINT - LENNIE HOOB!

"SMART AS FENMORE WAS, HE HADN'T SHAKED ENOUGH TO BRING A GUN! ALWAYS BRING A GUN TO THE JOINTS! A-GUN! TUCK IT INSIDE WITH FENMORE'S COAT OF IRON! HOOB!"

FENMORE WILL KNOW NOBODY AT CLOSE RANGE AND FLAP-FLAP DEFENSE!

THEN LENNIE TAKES THE NEW CHICK, BUT I CAN USE IT NOW - THOSE BARRELS ROLLING TOWARD THE SA! LOOSE!

WHAT BARRELS?

"THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, CHICK DROVE UP IN A PICKUP WORKING TRUCK, THE BARRELS SHIPPED OF BRINE - A VERY UNUSUAL BRINE FOR PICKS!"

WHAT ARE THE BARRELS FOR? I'LL TELL YOU, LENNIE - TO ROLL DOWN THE HILL AND JUST TO MAKE SURE THE STING UNIT LOOKSOME, YOU'LL KEEP THE BARRELS COMPANY! IF THE GRABBY TRAITOR UP!

WAIT, CHICK! HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY?



"GRABBY AS A FOX! GIVE MY REGARDS TO FENMORE ON YOUR WAY DOWN!"

AIRER!



I'LL BE BLOWN TO BITS! BRINE!

WHO'S SCREAMING? WHAT ARE THOSE BARRELS HEADING TOWARD THE LODGE?

I... I DON'T KNOW!



IT'S TNT! EAAAA!

NOW THERE'S ONLY ONE SHOT! MY GANG! CHICK SIGNED! CHICK THE UP-TOWN FINANCIERS ARE GONE FOREVER! TWO, BY BYE! ARE GONE FOREVER! NOW WE'LL HIT THE JACKPOT!



"BUT SIDNEY BRIDGES WAS GOOD! THERE WAS ONE SHOTGUN OF THE BLAST—AND HE LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO BREAK ONE JURY!"



"SIDNEY! DUNNY! CHUCK! SIDNEY! FEN-MORE! OLD SID! RICK BEFORE FRANKS 'RETIRED'! SO THAT'S WHO RAN THE RUM, ONE BARRAGE!"

"THE SAME NIGHT, A RIOT BEGAN VIOLENT CHICK'S MANDOUT!"



"DON'T GO FOR YOUR GUNS! YOU WON'T A CHANCE!" "THE COOPER, IS LYING! IT'S THE BACK WAY! IT'S THE CHAIR! THEY NAIL US!"

"NAIL THEM WE DID—WITH CORPUS NAILS! WE CAUGHT THE RATE PLAY, ROOTED IN THE ALLEY!"



"E E E E E!"

"THOSE WHO SURRENDERED LIKE GABIN, GOT LIFE! LOOK AT GABIN NOW— STILL FEELING SORRY FOR HIMSELF! STILL BLAMING SIDNEY FOR HIS OWN MISTAKES!" "IT'S ALWAYS THE OTHER GUY! THERE'S A LITTLE BIT OF CHUCK BRIDGES IN EVERY INMATE, VASSHALL! THAT'S WHY YOU AND I ARE IN BUSINESS—TO STAY!"



# SUR-PRIZE CONTEST

- 1<sup>ST</sup> PRIZE - \$15.00
- 2<sup>ND</sup> PRIZE - \$5.00
- 3<sup>RD</sup> PRIZE - \$3.00
- 4<sup>TH</sup> PRIZE - \$2.00

WIN A CASH PRIZE FOR JUST A SHORT LETTER OF NOT MORE THAN 150 WORDS TELLING US WHICH STORY YOU LIKE BEST, 2<sup>ND</sup> BEST, 3<sup>RD</sup> BEST, AND WHY, ALSO WHICH OTHER MAGAZINES YOU READ REGULARLY.

SEND IT TO US POSTMARKED NO LATER THAN MARCH 9, 1951, ALONG WITH YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND AGE. IN CASE OF A TIE DUPLICATE PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED. DO IT NOW!! HURRY!!

MEN AGAINST CRIME 23 WEST 47 ST. N.Y. 19, N.Y.C.



